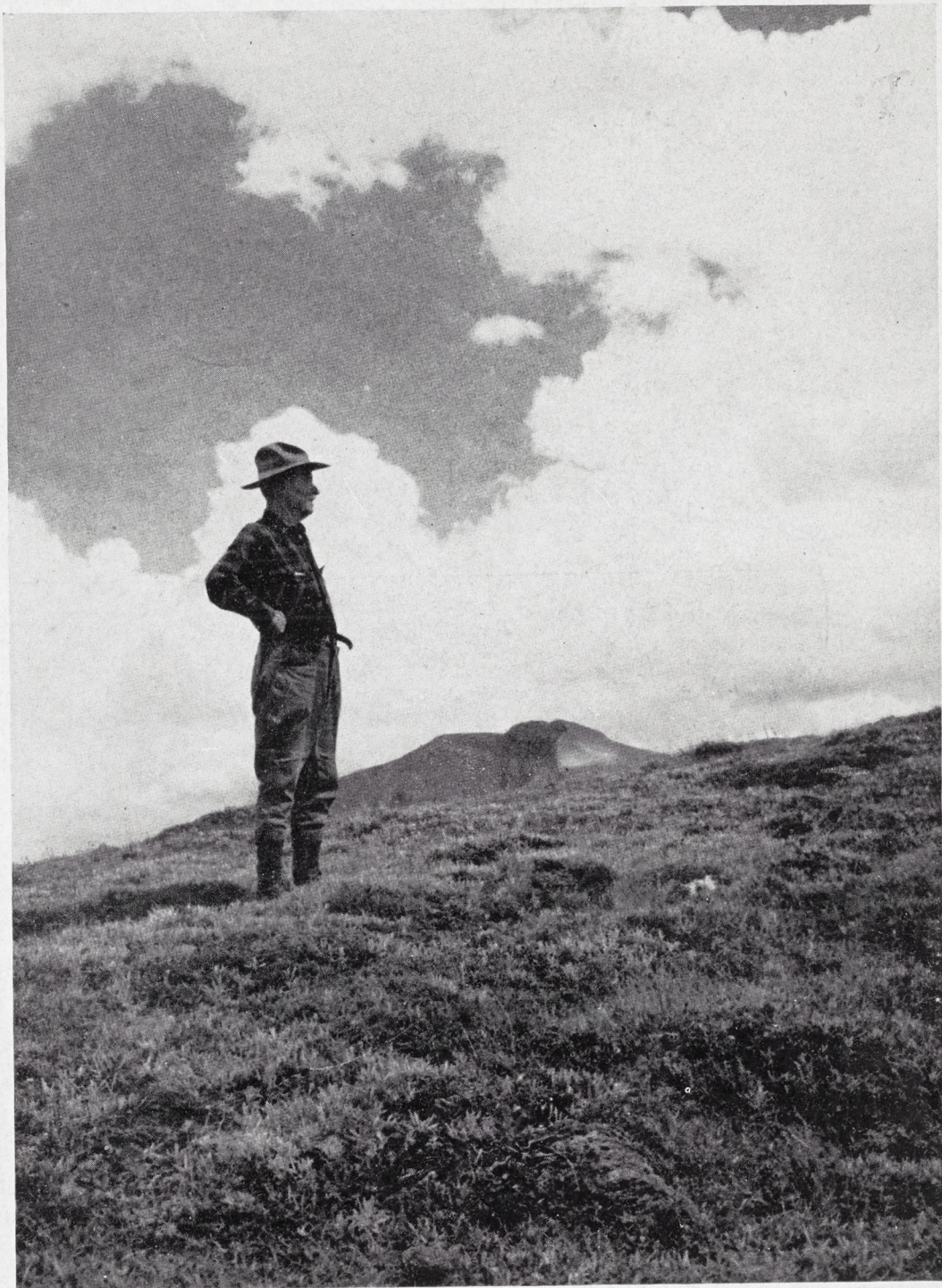


The Sky Line Trail



High on a windy hill

Photo by Laidlaw.

BULLETIN No. 44

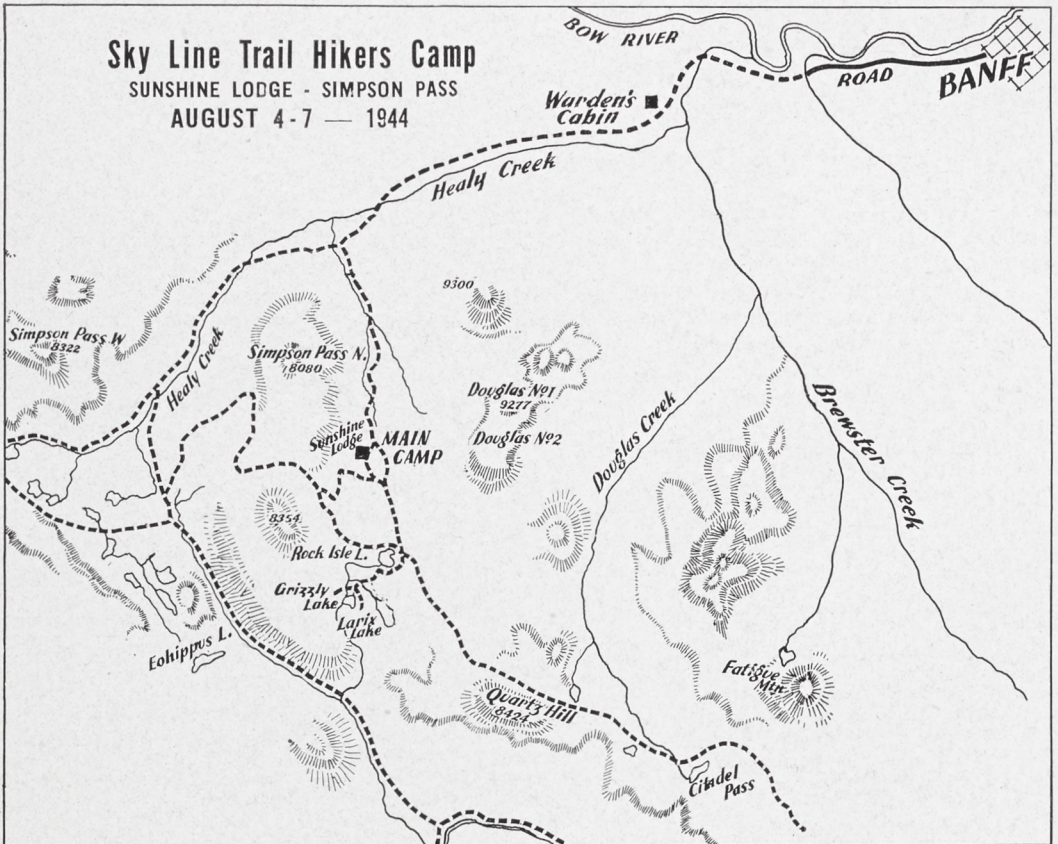


NOVEMBER, 1944

Printed in Canada

ON THE SUNSHINE TRAIL OF '44

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Gow, Dr. Robert	Banff, Alta.	Rungius, Mr. Carl	Banff, Alta.
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Maunsell, Miss Elizabeth	Toronto, Ont.	Woodsworth, Mr. Chas.	Vancouver, B.C.



A glimpse of Rock Isle Lake



Lou Shulman leads the way

C.P.R. Photo

High Jinks In The Rockies

by Mary Weekes

WE were a holiday-attired and hike-minded crew that mustered at Banff this year to take off with President Emmeline Wheeler for our annual hike along the skyways of the Rockies. For purposes of convenience and to overcome transportation difficulties caused by war, our head camp was again Sunshine Lodge in beautiful Sunshine Valley high in the mountains.

Here the older members were lodged comfortably in bunks while the younger ones (and some heroic oldsters too) 'roughed' it on mattresses and in comfy sleeping bags in teepees set up outside. In normal times the Sky Line Hikers are accommodated only in teepees and completely away from civilization. This year the Lodge was, for the second time, a circumstance of war.

The colorful painted teepees are no hardship, however. Flaps, set at the top to control ventilation and afford escape for smoke, keep the air streaming through, fresh and cool, and there is also plenty of wood at hand to build small smokeless fires at the base of the ridge-poles.

Weatherman co-operates

We set out on the trail under perfect conditions and amid breath-taking surroundings. Warm

sun flooded our trail—the old Assiniboine trail that has retained its identity for more than 160 years—bathing us in its medicinal balm. We actually seemed nearer the sun as we continued our climb of 3,000 feet above Banff which is itself 5,000 feet above sea-level. Dry heady air filled our lungs, stirring our 'city' circulations and stimulating our sluggish feet. The eternal aloneness and quiet of the Rockies enfolded us.

There was scarcely a breath of wind when we hit off on the trail, but as we rose higher a slow, sad singing in the pines and spruce—almost a sighing sound—came like a balm, soothing the mind in an unexplained but acceptable way, emptying it of the world we were leaving behind for four carefree days. Sometimes the wind stirred a little more lustily, knocking the treetops together, and then it was still again—so still that the musical lap-and-flow of Healy Creek fell upon our ears with startling clarity.

We were only a few miles from the bustling mountain town of Banff, overrun with summer school students and tourists, but already I felt the aloofness of the wilderness. It was a wilderness of rocky mountains that—begun on the old trail of the Assiniboines near the Bow

SUNSHINE—AFTER DARK



C.P.R. photos

River Valley on the east, near Lake Minnewanka and ending on the far Pacific slope—isolated itself from communion with man.

Trail hiking in the Rockies is not for softies. One must have a genuine liking for the outdoors to stick the four strenuous days of hiking—from 40 to 50 miles—that is the usual walking prescription. One must have a hankering for the feel of virgin earth (or rocks as the case may be) under one's feet, a fancy for the moving patterns of light and shade, a craving for air that is like cold water when one is thirsty, an artist's eye for the flat indescribably blue water of the little lakes that nestle cosily under the cold towering peaks. One must have, in a word, an intense feeling for the beautiful—the mighty panorama of peaks reaching into the skies to enjoy to the full the highways of the Rockies.

Climb "a bit tough"

Half-way our ascent to headquarters, we stopped for lunch—a sandwich and a drink of mountain water from a gurgling stream. Our cups were Indian made—carved out of horns of mountain sheep. Dressed in easy-fitting clothes and burdened only with light knapsacks, we had nothing except the steadiness of the climb to impede our progress. Our baggage had preceded us to the Lodge. There is no sense denying it, the climb was a bit tough. It took perseverance and tenacity to accomplish it. Well—we had come to prove our mettle. Resistance challenges the blood corpuscles sending them into action to combat fatigue, bacteria—or plain laziness.

We reached headquarters in satisfactory condition and with lungs filled with mountain ozone. A few of us may have been a bit puffy, but on the whole we were in fine fettle after our preliminary testing. We had taken our first prescribed dose of walking—11 miles from where the bus had put us off—like spartans. A good dinner put us in jolly mood, a bit boastful

A place does not have to be musty, dusty and time-mellowed to have a historic background! Take Simpson Pass, for instance. It is difficult to associate this verdant sky-high paradise with more than a century of recorded history.

We know, however, that the very trails which the hikers' footsteps retraced this summer, were blazed by the Assiniboine Indians more than a hundred years ago. We also know that the same trails were followed by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1821 to 1861.

This "Scottish Emperor of the Fur Traders", as he was popularly known, made the journey via Healy Creek, long prominent on the Trail Hikers' map. He was accompanied by John Rowand, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Rocky Mountain House, and a great friend of the Indians.

about our derring-do 'tis true—and who wouldn't be?—and ready to join in the high jinks round our nightly campfire which is always a big feature of our skyline camp.

The bonfires we build in the Rockies are not the niggling affairs we indulge in at seashore places for roasting clams, marshmallows or corn, but rousing beacons that light the mountain nights. They conform to the rugged atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains. Cord-lengths logs, crackle crimson in the black night, sending red tongues splitting the soft night mist.

Round these fires, draped in blankets—remember there's snow on the peaks—we disposed ourselves on huge logs rolled to within comfortable toasting distance and waited for Graham Nichols, our official hiking-musician, to roll out his portable organ (a new one this year and in top condition) and hit up a tune as Jean Stewart lifted her graceful hands to conduct the new Gibbon lyrics that are each year a surprise and delight. "Colorful as an oriental bazaar!" I thought, observing the firelight playing upon our variegated hiking outfits. (Gals and pals, can't we get together round next year's campfires and design a snappy hiking costume?) Round our campfires in the Rockies, cares are banished. Well, this is the prime purpose of our trail hikes!

The Sky Line Trail

Official publication of the Sky Line Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies

Address all Bulletin material to the Editor,
Room 329, Windsor Station,
Montreal, P. Q.

EDITOR - - Graham Nichols

Gang's all here

This year's hiking party was, as on other years, a happy party. Capable Olive Hanley proved herself to be an adjuster par-excellence. Dr. Gow, débonnaire as always, had his famous black medical bag nicely equipped and ready to go into action. To catch the opportune poses of us all, Fred Laidlaw was right there with his camera and ready to oblige. Artist Carl Rungius, the veteran of the party, required little luring from his Banff retreat to take a shot of health on the skyline of the world.



Hikers trade alpenstocks for fishing poles

C.P.R. photo



—and welcomed we were !

Most important of the hikers and keeping a temperate eye on his flock was our greatly loved John Murray Gibbon, carrying his new title, Chief Man of Many Sides, (conferred on him this year by the Stony Indian tribe) with traditional modesty. There was Travers Coleman performing his side-splitting one-man wrestling act and other classics. Did I hear a sweet young thing calling a dignified Yankee hiker, "Pop?" (No intention of imitating Walter Winchell!) There is happy freedom and congenial friendship on the Rocky Mountain trails.

With 66 hikers in our party this year, accommodation was taxed—but not too much. With four berths in cabin rooms, naturally it was first come first 'reserved'. There were, and correctly, no reservations. In leaving civilization (Sunshine Lodge scarcely falls into this category) a hiker leaves behind the attendant comforts.

I drew an upper berth. On the first night, I must blushing confess, I demanded a ladder to stow myself aloft; the next night a chair was sufficient, and on the third, I stepped lightly to my roost from the shoulder of my good companion in Lower Two. Trail hiking has a limbering effect that no amount of expert massage or coddling in a sanatorium can achieve. A couple of weeks hiking and even I, I think, could take a dramatic leap and land safely in Upper Three.

Choice of hikes

Rocky Mountain hiking makes for gaieté de cœur and pleasant co-operation. On our second day we had our choice of hikes. These were designated, unofficially, as fast, moderate and slow. A diplomatic manœuvre, I suspect, to avoid "feelings". I drifted into the "slow" class that was Dan McCowan's unhappy chore to lead. Yet, was it unhappy choice and without design? Dan's beloved wild flowers sneaked up on him. And he had his camera!

We were in the larch country this day, walking ridges that revealed exciting views of distant

peaks. We seemed to be at the core of the earth, amidst rocks that were primeval, old, dangerous. Up hill and down, along grassy slopes dotted with delicate alpine flowers, we strolled. Imposing Mount Assiniboine, supporting snowfields and glaciers of incredible depth on its shoulders, lifted its snow-crowned head to the shimmering sun to enchant us. At its feet, I knew, lay a lake of marvellous blue but, though the heavens poured its tremendous sunshine upon us, I felt cold.

Rock Isle, Larix and Grizzly lakes and the Twin Cairns were far behind us in all their loveliness, but it was not until we reached camp, reached the beautiful Valley of Sunshine that I cast off the oppression of the awesome steel-grey rocks. There is too much mystery and grandeur in the ancient Rockies.

The hikers—"fast" and "moderate"—turned up later. Exhilarated by the brisk mountain air, they had conquered the longer hikes to Redearth Pass and Lake Ehippus easily and they were trying, modestly, to conceal their triumph. They had maintained the record. They had kept up with those indefatigable Calgary hikers, Sydney Vallance and Lou Shulman. Once again we gathered round the camp fire and all was merry.

"Valley of charm"

On the third day, Mrs. Wheeler took me on a personally conducted hike to the original Sunshine Valley where her husband, A. O. Wheeler, the great Canadian surveyor who mapped the mountains and named most of the peaks, once camped while conducting important explorations. This is a valley of inexpressible charm, walled in by The Valley of Desolation of Rocks, as Mr. Wheeler named it, and thickly spattered with ravishing flowers of every hue. For me, this was the crowning hike.

Walking in the rain when it's a thin drizzle, as it was on our last hike down and out of the mountains, can be enjoyable. We had left the sunshine so generously supplied by Nature, and few of us, I venture to suggest, were eager to return to the outside world. I, for one, was content with the peace of the Rockies. But Lou Shulman, president-elect, had a panacea for gloom—he had a trump, in the form of a packet of tea, up his sleeve. At the Warden's Cabin he produced it and a tea-pail. Soon a fire was alight and the water coming to a boil—just when the bus arrived to bear us into Banff! We sloshed out the fire and left, mourning the tea that was never brewed!

We left the happy hills of sunshine, the cold-grey peaks, telling "good-byes" to our good walking companions, vowing to camp together again under the stars and moon and round merry campfires, our hearts singing.

UP SUNSHINE WAY

*Hikers—horseback
and otherwise!*



*Foursome
on the
march*



*In the campfire's
glow*

C.P.R. Photos

Impressions of a President

The foregoing impressions of the 1944 Trail Hike, and tribute to the retiring Secretary-Treasurer, were presented to Trail Hikers by the president, Mrs. A. O. Wheeler of Sidney, B.C., during the closing Pow-wow at Sunshine Lodge.



Mrs. A. O. Wheeler

ONCE more we have enjoyed to the fullest extent the annual camp of the Sky Line Trail Hikers in the midst of the wonders of the Rocky mountains of Canada.

First I desire to take off my hat to our Chief, "Man-of-Many-Sides", whose fertile brain designed and carried out this annual occasion for so many years, has given such great joy and instruction to so many, and who has done so much to teach us "how to walk and where to put our feet". He has placed us under an obligation we shall never be able to repay.

Each year as the time comes around, I shout in my glee "I come, O ye mountains I come!" You who come from smoke-grimed cities, think what it means to wake in the early morning in a sunny little teepee with a cheery little fire blazing merrily and to inhale the crisp, life-giving — I almost said sparkling — ozone of these exalted places, the aromatic incense of the alpine spruce and balsam, the tang of the purple heather.

It is the third time we have been to this outstandingly beautiful area and I need not comment at length upon the wonders we have seen, including the denizens of these mountain fastnesses. First his lordship, Mr. Grizzly — My

advice to members who meet one is to follow the lead of that biblical character of old and to pass by on the other side!

Some have seen our friends, the dignified aristocrats of the mountains, with their wise old faces, Mr. *Haplocerus Montanus*, the Rocky Mountain goat.

Four-footed friends

Next comes that handsome member of the deer family, the Bighorn. I do not think you have seen one here. They are so tame and plentiful around Banff that they have become almost common-place. We have heard the hoary marmot echoing from the rock, sometimes so close and so sudden as to make one feel prickles up one's spine. We have watched the mountain gophers popping up and down from their homes in gopher town. They are great rustlers and become so tame that when in camp they go into the cooks' tent and make them use bad language!

We have seen the mountain flowers in the little damp hollows and high up on the alplands where they seem to belong to another world. One looks beneath their shadows, expecting to see a dainty little lady with wide-spreading flounces and a diamond star on her forehead peeping from their midst! And, no doubt, if you have looked well, you have seen her elfin attendants grinning at you.

It is all very wonderful and for a spell we have lived in magic land far from war and its horrors. I shall not elaborate on the wonders of a world in the clouds. You have been there and you know. To fully express my feelings I would borrow a few lines from the pen of Calgary's charming poetess, Miss Marion E. Moodie, who writes in part as follows.

*"Oh wind that comes out of the west
You sigh on your way to the plain
The mountain land is best,
Will you not come back again?
Glow skies with your golden light;
Blow softly dear wind from the hill;
For my heart has a longing to-night
That only the mountains can fill.*



Campfire harmonies

C.P.R. Photo

CALGARY SKYLINERS TO COMPARE PHOTOS

HIGHLIGHTS of the '44 Trail Hike will be kept fresh in the minds of Calgary Skyliners through the medium of a "get-together" in a fellow member's home, where pictures snapped on the Sunshine Trail will be exchanged and reviewed by nostalgic hikers!

The idea has already received wholehearted approval, according to President Lou Shulman of Calgary, who along with Sydney Vallance, has made tentative arrangements to carry out the "picture exchange" within the next few weeks.

Something along the same line was introduced last winter in Calgary, long a Hikers' stronghold, when Mr. Vallance treated 20 fellow hikers to a showing of a motion picture reel taken by the ex-president at Sunshine Valley during the 1942 hike.

Not to be outdone, other members of the hiking audience made a point of displaying their own hikershots and in some cases conducting a picture exchange. The outstanding success of the event bodes well for the camera club's next get-together.

We can think of no more effective means of

reviving hike memories and stimulating interest in future hikes than through the medium of photographs.

Calgary, of course, is more fortunately situated than other cities and towns in this respect, its ratio of hikers per total population being greater than in any other point in the Dominion!

However, photos are still going the rounds by mail, according to reports from hikers, which is the next best thing to going into a huddle. And some of these fine shots, we hope, will make their debut in future issues of the Sky Line Trail.

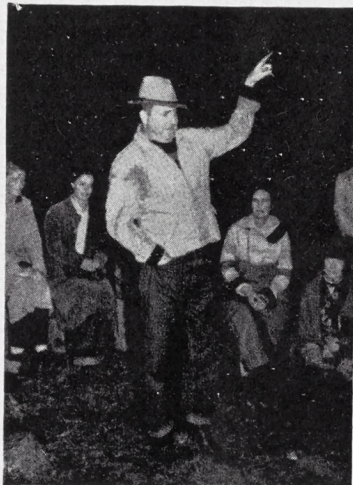
Would You Like the Recipe?

"Did you know soup made from an old mountain goat can be a life saver?"

Nor did I, but we have it on no less good authority than Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, our past president!

This strange-sounding brew was administered to Mrs. Wheelers' husband, when in a state of utter collapse, by the well known mountain guide, Konrad Kain.

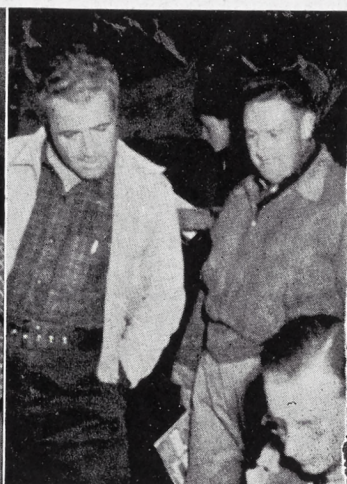
"Recovery was almost instantaneous", Mrs. Wheeler says, "He named it 'Bouillon de Capricornus'."



Emphasizing a point



Congratulations!



Trav can sing

Travers Coleman New Secretary

Popular Secretary-Treasurer-Elect is journalist, railroader, humorist, entertainer, rider, hiker and master of mimicry.

TO date there is no statue—not even a simple plaque—to mark the spot in Sudbury, Ont. where our new Secretary-Treasurer, H. Travers Coleman, Esq., first saw the light of day on August 29, 1906.

His father, then station agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway at that booming mining centre, is reported to have gulped, shivered and turned pale at the sight of the squirming infant whose lusty wails threatened to drown out the sound of a puffing yard engine and the "Limited".

They called the newcomer Herbert Travers Coleman and hoped for the best.

Knows his dialects

A past master of mimicry—and still going strong—Trav has an unusual gift for carrying on imaginary conversations with himself in everything from the Chinese dialect to Brooklynese. After an exhaustive study of the subject at Moose Jaw he boasts that today he "can tell a Russian from a Ukrainian or a Pole at 17 paces." Likewise he can sort Chinese lingo from "Japanese".

People with unusual accents have never failed

to intrigue the new Secretary-Treasurer. If you have your doubts ask him to impersonate a Swedish lumberman, Norwegian fisherman, Jewish clothing merchant, a Russian, or a Scottish bagpiper, and you'll be convinced.

Trav's desire to see the world led him to become a bell-hop on a Great Lakes passenger ship at the age of 11 years. His shipboard career, however, was cut short, when after one trip he decided he'd rather spend the rest of the summer with an aunt in Saskatchewan.

Here Trav got another idea to attain fame and fortune, this time through the transportation business. The aforementioned aunt was married to a station agent, and Trav promptly got hold of an old hand-car, renovated it to the extent where it became reasonably serviceable, recruited a train crew from the village lads, and sold rides at a penny a trip.

Rail career short lived

No sooner had this business been successfully launched, however, than an unscheduled way freight caught the young crew by surprise and

dropped the hand-car over the section house into a culvert.

This career ended, he frequented the fair grounds where he performed a passable imitation of the bagpipes by holding his nose, humming a Highland air, and producing the drone sounds by beating on his Adam's apple with the side of his palm.

It was at Sedley, Sask., where after catching for the local "Nine" in a successful attempt to win the baseball prize, that he acted as barker for the restaurant booth of the Presbyterian church. He desisted only when the reverend gentleman in charge pointed out that his presence in front of the tent was doing the church no particular good!

Likes the outdoors

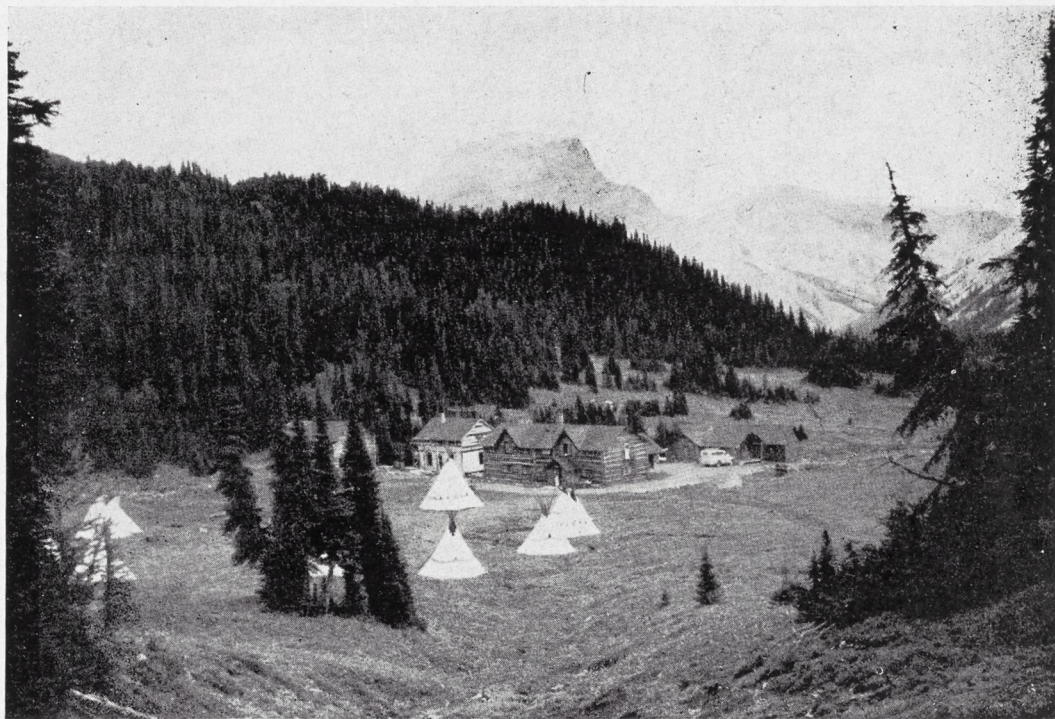
Our new secretary-treasurer confesses he is "reasonably fond of the outdoors", and we all know him to be a hiker of no mean repute. During the past year he has held the position of Assistant Secretary-Treasurer of the Sky Line Trail Hikers, in addition to which he has served on the

Born at Sudbury, Ont., August 29, 1906, the new Secretary Treasurer graduated from Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont. in 1923. He joined the staff of the Moose Jaw Times as a reporter in July of that year, and in 1928 joined the editorial department of the Winnipeg Tribune.

He remained there till May of 1929 when he went to Vancouver as Press Representative for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has been the Company's Press Representative at Winnipeg since 1942, when he replaced J. Hugh Campbell, who became representative of Canada's Wartime Information Board at Washington, D.C.

Executive Committee, and the Management Committee.

Trav is still interested in impersonations and imitations. Right now, however, he is particularly interested in making a reasonably good imitation of John Murray Gibbon in perpetuating the Sky Line Trail Hikers and Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. "If I can do this", says Trav "I'll be quite happy about the whole thing."



Hikers headquarters — Sunshine Lodge

C.P.R. Photo

OUR NO. 1 TRAIL HIKER



Pilgrim's Progress at Floe Lake

Secretary-Treasurer Retires

Becomes Honorary Vice-President

THE year 1933 should be as significant a date to Trail Hikers as 1066 is to the average schoolboy. For the year 1933 brought with it a "new deal" for those interested in organized trail hiking in the timberline country of the Rocky Mountains. In that year the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies came into being.

Remembrances of that first hikers' camp at Lake O'Hara and the years of the society's subsequent development must have flowed freely, particularly among the older members, when announcement was made of the retirement of John Murray Gibbon from the office of Secretary-Treasurer, a post he had held since its inception.

For it was through the foresight, efforts and enthusiasm of Mr. Gibbon that the Sky Line Trail Hikers emerged as an organization. A. O. Wheeler started the ball rolling with circle hiking trips to Mount Assiniboine but these required permanent cabins and proved rather costly to operate.

As his cohorts in the enterprise Mr. Gibbon was backed by Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, Norman Sanson, Dan and Mary McCowan, R. H. Palenske, Carl Rungius, Pete and

Catherine Whyte, Mrs. Simpson, Sam and Mrs. Ward, Major Selby Walker, all of whom were born hikers. The hike idea caught on immediately with each successive year boosting the membership index to new high levels.

The fact that Mr. Gibbon has participated in every hike since the society's organization is convincing evidence of his love of the trails and the outdoors.

Nor is his enthusiasm confined to the hiking element alone. That the former secretary-treasurer can substitute an alpenstock for a fishing rod or camera with equal enjoyment will be vouched for by all

who have seen him fishing an alpine tarn or snapping a choice piece of mountain scenery.

Through his application of original hiking parodies to hit tunes of the day, Mr. Gibbon has made a novel and popular feature of the nightly sing-songs which play so important a role in the cementing of new friendships made on the trail.

Though Mr. Gibbon has relinquished the office of Secretary-Treasurer in favor of Travers Coleman of Winnipeg, he will continue his associations with the Sky Line Trail Hikers as their Honorary Vice-President.

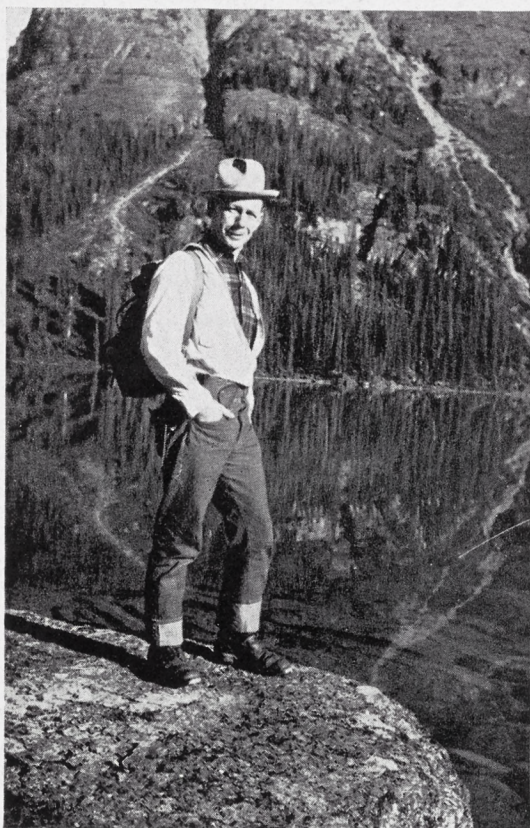


J. M. Gibbon



"The Sky Line is my line" say the hikers

Meet the New President!



The president at Lake O'Hara

WITH the appointment of L. W. Shulman of Calgary to the presidential chair, Hikers can be assured of competent leadership on the trail of '45.

For "Lou", as most of us know him, really knows his trails. Before joining the Sky Liners in 1940 on the "old Egypt Trail" he spent many years in the Rockies, much of the time on "one-man trail hikes" of his own.

Appointed to the Council at the Floe Lake and Prolific Meadow hikers' camp in 1941, Mr. Shulman moved up to the Executive the following year, and in 1943, at the Spray River campsite, was appointed a vice-president.

Though the "mountains" are Lou's major hobby, he is also a marksman of no mean repute. During high school and university days he won a number of medals and trophies for high score on the rifle ranges, and still enjoys a good target match.

The new president is an ardent bowling fan, does considerable ice skating and is at present

planning a comeback on the ski-ways, "before" as Lou says humorously, "old age sets in."

Mr. Shulman spent an eventful summer on the Pacific during which he took in but "did not necessarily enjoy" the Yokohama earthquake of 1923 — plus a side order of three typhoons!

An ardent camera fan Lou is toying with the idea of venturing into the realm of color photography when wartime restrictions are relaxed. Pictures of the mountains comprise the lion's share of his photo memoirs.

At present an assessor in the Dominion Income Tax department at Calgary, Lou is one of those rare individuals who can figure out an income tax form — and still not require an overdose of aspirin. He is a Bachelor of Commerce from Alberta University.

With "Lou" in supreme command it should be a good year for the Hikers. That verdict is unanimous!

CASH AWARD FOR

Winning Photo!

Trail Hiking camera fans now have the opportunity of cashing in on their photographic skill to the tune of ten dollars! This amount will be awarded the hiker who in the opinion of the judges has snapped the best picture on the 1944 Trail Hike.

The competition, which we hope will bring to light plenty of photographic talent in the hikers' ranks, is open to all who attended the Sunshine Valley camp, regardless of their qualifications or experience in the realm of photography.

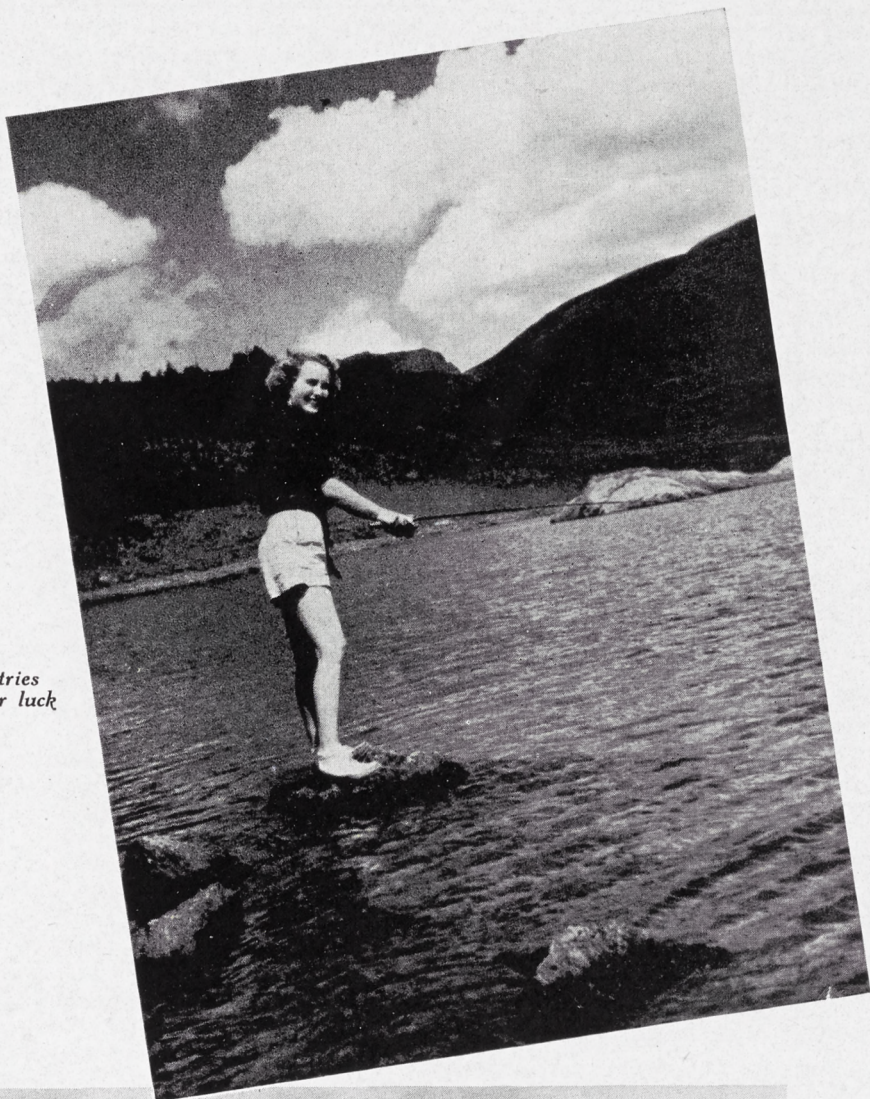
A picture taken with a \$1.00 box camera may be the winner.

So start rummaging through those hike shots today and make a try for that cash award; it's enough to pay for half your Trail Hike fees on next year's outing! And even if you don't win the prize you stand a good chance of seeing your pictures appear in the Bulletin, complete with a credit line.

As a matter of fact the Bulletin is keeping an eye open for good pictures illustrating the lighter moments of the last hike in addition to good scenics. And if the judges decided to give away \$10.00 as well — Well, what are we waiting for?

Entries should be forwarded to the Editor, The Sky Line Trail, Room 329, Windsor Station, Montreal.

ALL THIS AND HIKING TOO!



*Sue tries
her luck*



On the marge of an alpine tarn



When the duffel passed us on the trail!

by W. F. Casey

Hikers Know The Answers

by Graham Nichols

IF you're like most trail hikers you're probably kept busy at times explaining the various whys and wherefores of hiking to interested pals and acquaintances. And now that hike buttons have started sprouting on hikers' lapels, the tempo of enquiries is bound to be stepped up considerably.

With this in mind it might be well to lay in a stock of verbal ammunition in case some of the questions catch you unawares. And remember — your prestige as a good trail hiker may hinge on the effectiveness of your comeback!

Trail Hikers may expect a number of different approaches. These range from the mildly curious to the openly enthusiastic, and from the skeptic to the good-natured "goat-getter." The first class requires little in the way of high pressure "salesmanship", so save your pep-talks for the latter group.

Not in the know

First let's consider the "wise guy" approach. This type, usually a good-natured kind of fellow, learns you are a hiker and fires this one at you "Why tramp 12 miles a day up and over mountain sides when you can get the same results on horseback — and conserve your own foot-power at the same time?"

The trouble with this kind of fellow is that he isn't in the know. But the question, nevertheless, is bound to prick the pride of a conscientious hiker, who, come blisters or bunions, feels that the annual hiker derby constitutes the finest known means of filling in a five-day furlough.

Like most of us, this type probably does his full quota of foot-work on city pavements — a process that is not glamorized by the heat of midsummer. After a one-mile tramp down Main

street, the city hiker is apt to reach his destination in a state of semi-exhaustion, flop into an arm-chair, mop his brow and call for a jug of ice-water.

Thus, we can't blame the poor fellow for entertaining certain misgivings over the prospects of a four-day hike. "After all", he reasons, "if a one-mile walk can do this to me, what's to prevent a 12-mile trek — with uphill work to boot — from converting me into the well-known grease-spot?"

Psychological approach

So there you have the state of mind of the fellow with the \$64.00 question, namely, "Why hike, anyway?". The next thing to do is apply the correct psychological approach, and if possible, teach him the error of his ways of thought. Or better still, get him to come along on next year's hike.

The trouble in most cases arises from the skeptical candidate confusing hiking with walking. Your duty then as a hiker is to demonstrate the finer points of hiking as opposed to the less glamorous business of walking. And if you've been on one or more hikes — particularly in the neighbourhood of Sunshine Valley you should have no trouble thinking up the answers.

There are a number of good reasons why a continuous 12-mile trek in the Rockies refreshes the hiker, while a one-mile tramp on city pavements produces opposite results. For one thing, the ozone on Main street (unless you live in a mountain resort) lacks that certain vitamin content found in the Rocky Mountain atmosphere at mile-high levels.

It is this invisible something that contributes so greatly to the hiker's staying power, keeping his energies at high pitch, his spirits buoyant and his imagination rampant. It is this same tonic that makes climbing Twin Cairns as easy and many times more interesting than mounting your front steps back home.

This might be hard to understand for those living closer to sea level where the air has no such invigorating effects. But the truth of the statement will be vouched for by some 200 devotees of the boot and alpenstock who have participated on the annual treks to the high hills. And 200 trail hikers can't be wrong.

Hiking versus walking

So much for the ozone. There is also the difference in walking and hiking technique — almost as marked a difference as that existing between walking and marching, or walking and ballet dancing if you like. The only similarity is that the feet do the lion's share of the job in all cases. Apart from that each is an individual process.

In a nutshell, hiking can be described as walking "with a swing". We have used this expression before, but we still think it tells the story as well as anything else we can dream up at the moment. For "swing" provides the whole basis of this thing called hiking; it is that rhythm of limbs, the swing of an alpenstock, and the upsurge of spirits that make tackling the stairway to the skyline the common objective of every hiker!

The companionship element also enters strongly into the argument when hiking goes on trial. The spirit becomes contagious; we are kindred souls drawn together from all sections of the continent by a common urge. It is only natural, therefore, that we "hit it off" not only on the trail but around the campfire as well. And if there's anything that makes the miles melt away, up or down dale, it's the joys of good fellowship.

We've got something

Hikers, generally speaking, are nature lovers. The discovery of a rare species of alpine plant life, fossils, etc., never fails to intrigue the trail hiker as he pursues his way along the upland trails. This is where trail hikers have the advantage over "horseback hikers" who take much of their scenic diet at long range. So bear that in mind when your friends or enemies challenge the value of your own limbs as opposed to horsepower!

Yes, we hikers still think we've got something — something that's too good to keep to ourselves. That's why we can't just sit idly by when we hear the question "Why hike?".

A fellow who asks a hiker this question is really "leading with his chin!"

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

The appointment of Lou Shulman of Calgary to the Presidency of the Sky Line Trail Hikers was followed by the election of several other hikers to the executive and council for the ensuing year.

The position of vice-president made vacant by Mr. Shulman's appointment has been filled by G. C. Martin of Calgary, who will share the title with Vice-Presidents Jane Diverty, Miss M. P. Hendrie and Mrs. Mary McCowan.

Seven new names have been added to the Council, these including Mrs. Clara Maxwell, New Westminster, B.C.; Mrs. Ruth McEvoy, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Carvel Preston, Salmon Arm, B.C.; Miss Helen Ramsay, Edmonton, Alta.; Miss Beth Riddoch, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. Helen Sabin, Calgary, Alta.; Tom Speakman, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. Mary Weekes, Regina, Sask.



"The more we are together —"

C.P.R. Photo

Songs, Skits, And Smiles

AT GALA SUNSHINE POW-WOW

TRAIL Hikers experienced something new in the way of Pow-Wows this year. Instead of holding the grand finale in the Sundance Tent at Banff, the big show took place in the spacious lounge of Sunshine Lodge, headquarters of the 1944 Trail Hike.

The Hike was briefly reviewed by Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, retiring president, who paid tribute to John Murray Gibbon, who relinquished the role of Secretary-Treasurer after 12 years of office, and to the incoming president, Lou Shulman of Calgary.

Travers Coleman, the new Secretary-Treasurer, again drew rounds of hilarious applause when he went into his one-man wrestling act—this time on the hard floor of Sunshine Lodge. However, neither opponent suffered casualties.

The programme also featured a liberal sprinkling of community singing, with Jean Stewart, our M.C. from Fort William, and Graham Nichols at the organ. Of special interest on the musical bill-of-fare was a rendition of the song "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There" featuring Jean Stewart and her Hikerettes.

A religious note was introduced with the singing of hymns with Frances Maunsell of Toronto and Jean Stewart providing an excellent harmonica accompaniment. "Alouette" again proved an outstanding favorite as did the ever-popular Trail Hiker parodies.

In addition to Mrs. Wheeler's remarks, the Hikers were also addressed by Marshall Diverty, Mrs. Mary Weekes of Regina, Mr. Gibbon and by Lou Shulman, the President-Elect.

ON AND OFF THE TRAIL



Hikers pause to admire

Well earned respite



Autographs in demand!



Hike Buttons Make Debut!

Forty-six Hikers now in possession of button designed
by R. H. Palenske

ONE of the special features of the 1944 Trail Hike was the distribution of the long-awaited Trail Hike buttons which many Hikers are now sporting proudly on their lapels.

Designed by R. H. "Pal" Palenske of Chicago to replace the former insignia which hikers previously featured on their hats or alpenstocks, the new button has been issued in two attractive color schemes to suit the varying tastes of the hikers.

As in the past the old reliable hiking boot captures the spotlight in the design, with a



column of hikers following the skyline in the background. Unlike the old design the new button does not include an alpenstock, as this familiar weapon has been largely replaced by walking sticks, both of the conventional variety and those picked up along the trail side!

The design which also replaces the old insignia on the cover of the Bulletin won the Hikers' vote last summer at

Sunshine Lodge by a substantial margin over several other patterns submitted by the artist.

Hikers who purchased the new insignia, the selling price of which is \$2.50 per button, at last summer's camp are listed below :

Adams, Mrs. W. H.
Adams, Miss N. V.
Adams, Miss I. B.
Bell, Mrs. Sue
Beveridge, Miss M.
Diverty, Mr. Marshall H.
Etter, Miss Enid
Garfield, Miss Lillian
Garbutt, Miss Betty
Gibbon, Mr. J. Murray
Gill, Mrs. Jean
Gow, Dr. Robert
Guzy, Mr. Charles
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A LETTER FROM JANE



Jane Diverty and a pal

The following letter received by Mr. Gibbon from Miss Jane Diverty, a Vice-President of the Sky Line Trail Hikers, was read to hikers this summer at the Sunshine Valley camp.

"Janie", popular trail riding and trail hiking daughter of Marshall Diverty of Woodbury, N.J., is at present taking a medical technology and X-Ray course at school, and has also been doing extensive hospital work. She was keenly missed by her colleagues on the '44 trail.

I am very proud to be a vice-president of the Sky Line Trail Hikers. It is a long time since I took my first hike over in the beautiful Yoho Valley and forthwith became a life member.

It was then I determined that neither flood nor famine would keep me from an annual appearance at the hikers' camp, but I then little knew what a war could do to one's resolutions.

Just now I am working as a technician in a hospital, which seems to offer the best opportunity for me to be of service. Since there is a great demand for medical technology work, there will be no holiday, and I shall not be able to be with you and my many other friends this year.

Every day from August 4 to August 7, I shall be thinking of you.

Sincerely,
Jane Diverty

BRICKBATS AND *Bouquets*

FROM irate reader, Nick Morant, ace trail riding and trail hiking cameraman, we have the following outbursts directed against the editor:

"That you are editor of the Trail Hike Bulletin we all have reason to be thankful. Too, we are equally thankful that you have had no hand so far in any cartographical effort to do with the war.

"Had you interested yourself in any map-making, we can visualize army tanks attacking the Banff golf clubhouse, rocket bombs bursting over the home of Jim Brewster and commandos creeping into wigwams at Morley!"

"In other words," asks poor disillusioned Nick:

(a) When do Trail Hikers wear chaps?

(b) Do you recognize the Bow Valley when you see it, old boy?"

•Editor's Note:

Reader Morant refers to Bulletin No. 43, photo at bottom of page 7, entitled "Hiker surveys Sunshine Valley."

What Mr. Morant says is quite true. The hiker had no business wearing chaps for the picture, which Nick maintains was taken on the Bow Valley. And being a Morant photo, I guess Nick should know.

* * *

And now Nick launches another attack:

Dear Sir:

According to the illustration on page 12 of Bulletin 39, you have in Mr. Dan McCowan, not only a naturalist of great repute but the uncontested fastest human.

Gundar Haag would tremble at the suggestion he be made to compete with Mr. McCowan, who can take a photograph and appear in it simultaneously with the shutter release as evidenced in this illustration.

•Editor's Note:

The picture, which shows Dan McCowan trekking across the skyline with other members of the 1933 hike, carries the notation "Photo by Dan McCowan". Reader Nick Morant can't understand how Dan took the picture and appeared in it at the same time. Maybe it's done with mirrors.

* * *

And now will some kind reader send us a bouquet to make our column complete?

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 Hamilton, Mrs. A. C., Golden, B.C.
 Harbison, Miss Helen D., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
 Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
 McCowan, Dan, Banff, Alta.
 McCowan, Mrs. Dan, Banff, Alta.
 Mitchell, G. B., Rutherford, N.J.
 Moore, Lt.-Col. P. A., Banff, Alta.
 Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.
 Sampson, H. E., K.C., Regina, Sask.
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Simpson, Mrs. James, Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. Sydney, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Vaux, Jr., Mrs. George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Sidney, B.C.
 Wilde, J. R., Wylam, ENGLAND.
 Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta.
 Whyte, Mrs. Peter, Banff, Alta.

LIFE MEMBERS



The flower-strewn carpet of Simpson Summit



Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Certificate of Life Membership

Whereas _____ has qualified for Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By Laws which reads

Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards may compound their paid and future dues by payment of \$10.00, which shall absolve them from further payment of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate upon the additional payment of \$1.00 but shall not exempt them from special dues or assessments should such be considered necessary.

This Certificate is granted to the above mentioned member who has fulfilled all the necessary conditions

No. _____

Secretary Treasurer

President